

FREMONT JOURNAL.

I. W. BOOTH, Editor and Publisher.

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Will give prompt attention to the practice of

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RESPECTFULLY TENDERS professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all operations relating to the preservation and beauty of the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth, on pivot, gold or silver plate, done in the neatest manner. He is in possession of the latest improvements in use, consequently he flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to those who may desire his aid in any branch of the profession.

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Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

PORTAGE COUNTY

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Office, as formerly, on Front street, opposite Dean's new building.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

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1853.

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Passenger carried to and from the Cars free.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OCTOBER 29, 1853.

NUMBER 40.

Poetry.

Few who have felt the magic of home influence, will read the following poem, without tearful eyes, and memories kept sacred in the heart's recesses. How strange experience alone should teach us the lesson all learn who pass the pale of youth:

The Light of Home.

BY MRS. HALE.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou wilt go—but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night;
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are silvered and rudder lost,
I bend look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy way abroad,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame will gild the name,
But the heart's fire lends it life;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry sky.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

ADVENTURE IN THE LOUISIANA SWAMPS.

THIS ALLIGATOR SHOOTING.—There are few sports of game I have not followed with horse, lance, or gun; and among other sports I have gone this shooting; it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befell me in one of these excursions, that may interest the reader. The southern part of the State of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. The bayous are lighted up by some that glide speedily along, sometimes running one way, and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to show off its waters more than three hundred miles from its mouth. These bayous are deep, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide with inlets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great habitat of the alligator and the fresh water shark—the former numerous specimens of water and wading fowl, fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret, the trumpeter swan, the blue heron, the wild goose, the crane, the snipe, the peacock, and the ibis. You may likewise see the osprey, and the white-headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These swamps and bayous produce abundantly fish, reptiles, and insects, and are, consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places the bayous form a complete network over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southwards to the Gulf, you get clear of the timber; and within some fifty miles of the sea there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country, I went this shooting. I had set out from a small French or Creole settlement, with no other company than my gun—even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had the day before been bitten by an alligator while swimming across a bayou. I went, of course, in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the country.

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of, did not appear, I struck into a "branch," and sculled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye could see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor sought that betokened the presence of man. It was just possible that I was the first human being who had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game; and I succeeded in bagging several, both the great wood-bird and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle, which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles up stream, and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that a little further up, the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and after pulling a few hundred strokes further, I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep, dark, marshy along the shore, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, longly hunting for fish and eating one another; but all this was nothing new for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most, was a small inlet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright figures of scarlet color. They resembled creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes; I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the inlet was low, and altogether without cover, it was not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless, I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling; and as the bright scarlet was magnified by refraction, I fancied for a long time, that they were flamingoes.

This fancy was dissipated as I drew near. The outline of the bird, like the blade of a spear, convinced me that they were the ibis; besides, I now saw that they were only three feet in height, while the flamingoes stand five. There was a dozen of them all. They were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or basking in deep thought. They were on the upper extremity of the isle, while I was approaching it from below. It was not above sixty yards across, and could I only reach the point nearest to me, I knew my gun would throw shot to kill that distance. I feared the stroke of the skulls would start them, and pulled slowly and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat—for it was as hot a day as I can remember—had rendered them torpid or lazy. Whether or not, they stood still till the cut water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke had cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flown off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes; and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downward! In my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bayou current had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but might as well be a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down the lake, and after the boat. This impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth. Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irretrievably lost!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores—alone, it is true, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea of danger.—These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I looked around my boat, now beyond recovery—when I gazed around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim, I could not reach them—that upon the islet there was neither tree nor log, nor bush—not a stick out of which I could make a raft—I say when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well defined and absolute terror.

It is true, I was only in a lake, a mile or two in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—no outlet of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either hear or see me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed I felt satisfied that my faithful boat was the first keel that had ever out its waters. The very tenaciousness of the birds wheeling around my head, was evidence of this. I should never go out from that lake; I must die on that islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no superstitious hinge upon which I could hang a hope—not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for; there was no one to search for me. The simple habitants of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them; they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual—one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never before seen, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days; I had often been absent before, a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute, my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and had almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntarily than with any hope that I should be heard; I shouted loudly and fiercely; my answer—the echoes of my own voice, the shriek of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guerrilla bandit, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation—nor was it to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie—the land sea—without bush, break, or star to guide me;—that was worse. There you look around; you see nothing, you hear nothing; you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence, your senses swim; your brain reels you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by every thing else, you dread lest too, may forsake you.—There is horror in this!—It is very horrible—it is hard to bear; but I have borne it all, and would bear it again twenty times over rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone—beings like yourself are near, though they may be your jailors. Lost on the prairie, you are alone—but you are free in the islet, I felt that I was alone, that I was not free; in the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie, and prisons combined.

I lay in a state of stupor—almost unconscious, how long I knew not, but many hours I am certain. I knew this by the sun—it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance. I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length; my ear was in better tune, and the strange voices they uttered reached my intellect. It sounded like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note

harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects; they were forms of the crocodilian, the giant lizards—they were alligators.

Huge ones they were, many of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, before, behind, and on all sides around me. Their long giant jaws and channelled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body, and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognizing the upright form of a man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone; there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself, and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet—every inch of it came under my glance—every object upon it was scrutinized—the moulded feathers of the wild fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh water mussels (unio) strewn upon its beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand bar, formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it—not a stick. A raft, indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained—such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape.

I paced my prison from end to end—from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in everywhere; it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to the neck. The hungry reptiles swam around, snoring and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp, the quack of the heron, the croak of the swamp owl, the cry of the bittern, the click of the great water toad, the tinkling of the bell frog, and the chirp of the swamp cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the plashing of the alligator, and the roaring of his voice—these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I dared not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling around me—so close that I could have put forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they bobbed themselves with a sudden plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each demonstration on my part they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them, either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle around me. This hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired—I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye or under the forearm. I was too dark to aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled, to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold and half stifled by a strong musky odor, that filled the air. I threw up my arms—my fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy; it was one of those monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack, as I saw that he was in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I was lain. Ag—In I fired, and he, with the rest, once more retreated to the lake.

All thought of going to sleep was at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion—for I had had a long pull under a hot tropical sun—I could have laid down upon the earth, in the mud, anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing, however, but the dreaded certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning, I was compelled to battle with reptiles, and chase them away with shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only showed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp flies and mosquitoes, which all night long had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Towards evening I began to hunger. No wonder that I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough—I had more to fear from want of food.

What could I eat? The ibis? But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I directed the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled

my specimen, but at that time there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I annihilated the hour I ever imbibed such a taste—I wished Audubon, and Buffon, and Cuvier up to their necks in a swamp. This did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *dejeuner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next? starve? No—not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators during the second night, one of them had received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of a reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve—I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days' fasting conquered my squeamishness, I drew out my knife, cut a steak from the alligator's tail and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other was now purified, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun; its odor filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable. There was not a breath of air stirring, otherwise I might have slung it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with this fearful effluvia. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half-decomposed carcass into the lake, perhaps the current might carry it away. It did. I had the gratification to see it float off. The circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float? It was swollen—inflated with gas. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas—the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines—what if I inflated them? Yes! yes! bladders, flasks, and life-preservers that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet.

I did not lose a moment's time—I was full of energy; hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that came near the shore, received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few were there, but enough for my purpose. A plane quill from the wing of the ibis served for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-like skin expanded, until I was surrounded with objects like great sausages. These were tied together, and I fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon when these creatures lie in a half torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the bayou. Here to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the edges. A few minutes more, and I swung myself over the gunwale, and was scuffling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

SHIRLEY CALLS MUSIC.

The silver key of the fountain of tears,
The silver key of the fountain of tears,
The silver key of the fountain of tears,
The silver key of the fountain of tears.

Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.

The prelude to Miss Faller's "Poet Lovers" is one of the gems of our Poetical Literature. It is wrought in as exquisite as is the unutterable emotion which, at times, sweeps over the heart only to leave the echo of its music for a memory.

I will string my harp with its sweetest strings,
And will sit me at thy feet,
And my hand shall wake a strain for thee
That is sweetly wild and sweet.

Look down! Look down! on the waves of song,
As they rise and fall and die—
Do not see my words as words—
Like larks glide murmuring by!

Like larks glide murmuring by,
Like larks glide murmuring by,
Like larks glide murmuring by,
Like larks glide murmuring by.

This is like a rich cadence sweeping over a crystal sea, and is the very precipitate of Lyric beauty. We must beg the readers of poetry to get the volume of Poems by the Misses FELLER, for through its pages are breathed just such strains as the above.—*Sun. Register.*

A LARGE HOTEL.

From an article in the New York Herald, on the Metropolitan Hotel in that city, we learn the cash receipts of that house for the past year were \$300,000, more than 20 per cent of which were profits. This does not include the wear and tear of the furniture and building. It has accommodated six hundred guests, and has had that number daily ever since its opening, two years ago. Three hundred persons are employed in different capacities, being one to every two visitors. The following are some of the articles consumed:

"Beef, 418,000 lbs.; lamb and mutton, 35,000 head; veal, 150 head; fish and lobster, 110,000 lbs.; oysters and clams, 628,000; butter and cheese, 65,000 lbs.; eggs 780,000; milk and cream, 204,000 quarts; flour and corn meal, 280,000 lbs.; fruits and vegetables, value, \$20,000; brandy and other liquors, 6,322 gallons; champagne, 21,160 bottles; sherry, Madeira, &c., 22,016 bottles; claret and white wines, 18,